

HARD KNUCKLES, SOFT SKIN

The pub had a comfortable sprawl to it, dim overhead lights hummed faintly, casting a warm, amber glow over scratched wooden tables and vinyl-padded booths. The air carried the thick scent of old whiskey, fried grease, and the faint bite of citrus cleaner that couldn't quite erase the history soaked into the floors. The low murmur of laughter and clinking glasses drifted around the room, merging with the gravelly croon of classic rock playing from an old jukebox near the bar.

Nico sat alone in a booth at the far end of the room, a straight shot from the entrance, one arm stretched out along the backrest, while the other nursed a half-empty glass of bourbon. His short, messy brown hair was still damp from the recent rain, clinging to his brow in careless tufts. Although not built like a traditional athlete, his broad shoulders tucked neatly into a worn leather jacket, scuffed elbows and shoulder seams bearing the stories of a hundred street brawls and close calls. He looked casual, relaxed, but his eyes never stopped moving.

Nico scanned the room in steady, subtle sweeps, watching the dart players near the bar, the old couple next to the hallway leading to the restrooms, the bartender wiping down a stack of clean tumblers behind the bar. Even in a place this familiar, Nico stayed alert, *always* alert, but more out of habit than worry.

Ramona, his girlfriend, was late, but not by much. He chalked it up to traffic, maybe, or that she was taking her time getting ready. She always had a flare for fashion, even during sparring sessions, but it was always an agonizingly long process to get to a point where she was happy with her look. Visions of her beauty flickered in his mind, her waist-length black hair framing her sun-kissed bronze face, sensual in its contours, which carried a radiant glow even under the dimmest bar lighting. He would playfully tease her about her height, at least compared to his own, but could never keep his eyes off her voluptuous, toned body for long, as she had the body of a dancer who knew how to break bones.

Nico smirked at the thought, swirling the bourbon in his glass. His world was one of blood and bone, but Ramona brought him a sense of peace whenever she was around, and he was forever grateful for it. It didn't hurt that she was also a talented martial artist, who helped keep his mind and body sharp. The door opened, but his smile faded.

The sound wasn't loud, but it carried the kind of creak that *meant* something. Boots scuffed against the threshold, bringing with them a rush of humid air. Seven figures stepped inside, dressed in an assortment of boldly colored tracksuits, the heavy scent of smoke and sweat wafting from them in a stifling cloud.

Leading the men was Bruno, the local gang boss's right-hand man. A tall, fairly bulky thug with a shaved head, silver chain swinging from his neck, and a scar that ran from his jaw to just under his left eye. His gaze didn't wander the room. Nico had all of his attention.

The regulars noticed immediately. The old couple went quiet mid-toast. The woman tugged on her partner's sleeve. Without a word, they slid out from their booth and left cash on the table, eyes fixed on the floor as they slipped past the gang like shadows.

At the bar, a trio of young guys exchanging darts and drinks lowered their beers in unison. One muttered "nope" under his breath, nudged the others, and they gathered their jackets. Their exit was brisk, quiet, and unquestioned. Even the jukebox, mid-song, seemed to grow quieter.

The bartender, a gray-haired man with a thick build and sunken eyes, wiped his hands on a stained towel as he watched the gang fan out like predators on the prowl. He caught Nico's eye for a brief second, just long enough to share a silent nod of agreement. With the kind of practiced calm that only came from seeing more violence than he'd ever admit, he mumbled, "Gotta check the cooler..." Sliding out from behind the bar with smooth efficiency, he disappeared through a door marked *Employees Only*. No fuss, no rush, just gone.

The pub had emptied fast, leaving just Nico and a growing ring of hostility standing between him and the door. One of the men cracked his knuckles. Another kept twitching his fingers near the bulge of something under his jacket. The air grew still, electric, heavy with a tension that felt almost oppressive in its wake.

"You've been busy..." Bruno declared, stopping at Nico's booth. Bruno's voice was low, but it carried, like gravel across a tombstone. "Boss says he appreciates your shared concern for the community, but it's time you stopped playing hero. You're getting in his way."

Nico didn't move. He just glanced up at Bruno with a slow blink, then smiled like he was already bored. "You rehearse that? Sounds like you spent more time practicing those lines in front of a mirror than your boss does running his mouth."

A few snickers slipped out from the surroundings thugs, nervous, brief. Bruno didn't smile.

"You don't want to make this harder than it has to be," Bruno insisted, voice tightening. He just noticed that Nico was alone. "Where's that hot piece of ass you usually have hanging from your arm? Man, what I wouldn't give to have a few moments alone with her, show her what a *real* man looks like." He boasted with a crooked smirk, while grabbing at his crotch, eliciting a few laughs and nods from the men around him.

Nico's jaw clenched, balling his hands into fists. Typically he could remain cool, calm, and collected, in the face of nearly any scenario. Bringing up Ramona, however, especially using such vulgarity, was a quick way to set him off. His anger didn't go unnoticed.

Bruno knew he was getting under Nico's skin. Of course, Bruno had to press his luck further. "Wouldn't want something *unfortunate* to happen to that pretty little thing, now would we?"

Nico didn't rise abruptly. He moved like water, fluid and quiet, unfolding his imposing frame from the booth with a sort of unhurried certainty. Without a word, he walked toward the pub entrance, each step echoing on the rough floorboards. He stopped right before reaching the bar and approached the jukebox instead.

The old music machine's metal frame was dented and dusty, the tracklist faded from years of use. Nico ran his fingers over the plastic buttons as if each press primed a sequence to the thugs' impending doom. His back was still to the gang when he spoke.

"You made two mistakes tonight," Nico warned, calmly. "One was walking in her with that bullshit strut like you owned the place. The other..." His finger jabbed the *play* button. "Was threatening *her*."

The opening piano bars of "*Don't Stop Me Now*" blared into the room, bright, upbeat, utterly at odds with the sudden, sharp suspense that settled over the pub like fog. The thugs started shifting, their boots scraping nervously against the wood. A few glanced between Nico and Bruno, not sure who to be more afraid of. Only Bruno stood still, his smile now a thin, bitter thing.

Nico slowly turned around, his dark eyes glinting as the chorus crept closer. "Shall we dance?"

The first thug made the mistake of yelling as he charged. Nico didn't even turn his body, he pivoted his left foot and let the man close the gap before snapping his right elbow back like a piston. It crunched into the attacker's jaw with a wet *crack*, sending the thug sprawling backward into a table that buckled under his weight. Beer bottles shattered.

Nico hopped in place, a brief display of playful footwork meant to throw off the gang before he settled back into stance. This wasn't arrogance. He simply knew the sheer time, effort, and passion he had poured into honing his fighting style, a dedication utterly unlike the men before him, who likely only ever lifted a finger to cause harm. They were precisely why he constantly fought in the streets, defending the defenseless, while keeping the community safe.

Another thug came from the side, faster and quieter, swinging a pool cue like a bat. Nico ducked low, his knee bending deep as the cue hissed through the air above his head. He surged forward from the crouch, shoulder-checking the man in the ribs. The gang member staggered back, and Nico followed with a left knee to the gut that doubled the man over. Unrelenting, Nico pulled the thug into a brutal clinch, delivering two lightning-fast knees into his opponent's face before releasing him, dropping the thug like a sack of meat.

Hesitating at the edge of the chaos, one of the gang members nodded to another, both on either side of Nico. They lunged at the same time, but one was clearly much faster than the other, trying to feint high with a right hook. Nico engaged the attack, caught the arm mid-swing, and twisted. The joint gave a satisfying *pop* as the man shrieked, his body flipping over Nico's hip in a smooth toss. The thug landed hard on the floor, groaning.

Instincts kicking in, Nico turned just in time to duck the slower thug's sucker punch, twisting into a savage elbow strike to the ribs. He followed up with a stomp to the tall, bulkier man's instep, *hard*. As the brute flinched, Nico slammed his forehead into the thug's nose. Blood spurted.

Across the pub, Bruno's expression hardened, his eyes narrowed with a calculating stare. Though he had heard stories about Nico, even exchanged verbal jabs in the past, this was the first time Bruno witnessed the full extent of pain Nico was capable of inflicting. Fear was notably absent. Instead, a palpable excitement ignited within him.

Bottle in hand, a thug closed in from behind. Nico caught the shimmer of broken glass in the corner of his eye. He spun and intercepted the swing, forearm raised to block the bottle, shards biting into his jacket sleeve, but the impact didn't faze him. Using the man's momentum, Nico hooked a leg behind the gang member's calf, swept him down hard, and dropped his full weight into a knee to the chest. The thug wheezed, incapable of getting up.

Nico straightened, sucking in a breath through his nose. He told himself to remain focused, keep his center. Given the numbers stacked against him, he knew he had to keep moving, to prevent them from swarming. He was going to make them regret every step in his direction. Heat was building in his body, not exhaustion but that dangerous bloom of adrenaline.

Letting his breath steady, Nico stood tall in the center of the pub now littered with groaning bodies. Broken chairs, spilled drinks, and silence surrounded him, except for *Queen*. He turned his gaze to Bruno. "Are you sure you brought enough?" he goaded.

Bruno was tired of watching from the sidelines. With a heavy sigh, he held a hand out, preventing the remaining two thugs from getting involved. Instead, he motioned for them to post up near the entrance. His lips curled as he slowly stepped to Nico, unzipping his jacket and tossing it to the side, revealing a white muscle shirt and impressive, scarred physique. A glint of cruel anticipation in his eyes, he wrapped his fingers tightly around a pair of brass knuckles.

Entering into the ring of wreckage, Bruno cracked his neck and rolled his shoulders, the dull sheen of brass knuckles glinting under the lights. Nico squared up, adjusting his stance. The usual burn of exertion was in his muscles, but he was still light on his feet, adrenaline still sharpening his senses like a blade.

Bruno came in quick, much faster than Nico expected. The first blow grazed his ribs, the second clipping his jaw, a glancing strike that turned his head but didn't slow him down. Nico countered with a low kick to the thigh, the impact *thudding* against flesh and bone, followed by a sharp elbow aimed at the right-hand man's temple. Bruno managed to get underneath it, pivoted, and slammed his fist into Nico's midsection with enough force to make him grunt.

Nico locked up in a clinch, dragging the man forward into a tight space, twisted, and drove a knee into Bruno's side. The scarred man gasped. Nico followed with a short hook to the ribs, then a jab to the nose, sharp and wet. Blood sprayed across the floor.

Bruno stumbled, barely keeping his footing, but to his credit, he didn't run. He lunged again, and the two clashed, flesh against flesh, brass against bone. It was a war of attrition, trading blows that were often deflected or dodged, taking a toll more on their stamina than their body.

Nico could feel his muscles burning, even through the rush of adrenaline. He hadn't fought this hard in a long time. It excited him, challenged him more than any recent conflict. This fight, much like the song still playing in the background, was coming to an end, one way or another.

Fatigue getting the best of him, Bruno's attacks were slow, sluggish, almost telegraphed. Nico could see them coming a mile away. An opening presented itself. He weaved under a wide right and answered with a rising uppercut that snapped Bruno's head back. Then, spinning on the ball of his foot, Nico delivered a punishing roundhouse kick that caught the right-hand man full in the side of the skull.

The impact echoed. Bruno dropped, *hard*, onto his hands and knees. The two thugs left standing rushed forward, but again Bruno held out a hand to stop them.

Nico exhaled through his nose, chest rising and lowering once. Sweat beaded along his brow. He watched Bruno carefully, waiting for the collapse.

Instead of groaning or begging for mercy, Bruno *laughed*. Low at first, then louder. A broken, wheezing sound that cracked through the pub's silence.

"What the hell's so funny?" Nico muttered.

Blood dripped from Bruno's mouth. He mustered up enough strength to look up. His scar twitched as he grinned. "It was never about winning," he rasped, voice gravel thick. "Never about *me* beating *you*."

Nico's gut clenched. He could feel that something was off, but couldn't tell what was causing the sudden sense of unease. That was when he heard the soft creak of the door. It was Ramona. All eyes turned to her.

Taking advantage of the momentary distraction, Bruno reached into his pocket and leapt toward Nico, jamming a syringe into Nico's thigh, buried to the hilt. The bastard *slammed* the plunger down, injecting every last drop in one agonizing push.

"*Nico!*" Ramona cried out. She moved fast, boots pounding against the wooden floor, but the two thugs got in the way, grabbing at her snug cropped jacket. Her denim jeans swished

through the air as she snapped a kick to the ribs of the man on her right, then the chest of the man to her left, all in one lightning fast motion.

“*FUCK!*” Nico roared. He lashed out on instinct, a devastating left hook catching Bruno clean across the face. His neck twisted grotesquely, almost as if it were close to snapping, as he was sent sprawling backward, crashing into a shattered barstool and lying still.

Nico staggered, clutching his thigh, his heart pounding too fast, *too intense*. His vision shimmered at the edges. Heat rushed through his bloodstream like wildfire. Muscles clenched, then trembled.

With the thugs momentarily stunned, Ramona moved, swiftly advancing toward Nico.

Like sharks who caught the scent of blood in the water, the thugs stirred. One by one, the men Nico already dropped began rising, groaning, but with fire in their eyes. Bloodied, bruised, but standing like they didn’t feel a damn thing anymore.

The gang of men twitched, jaws clenched, a few of them grinned, wrong, hollow sneers. They were finding a second wind, while Nico’s legs started to feel like jelly.

Ramona rushed in, attempting to part the sea of men. One swung wildly, sloppy, desperate. She slipped the punch like she was doing the limbo, her hips pivoting as her elbow shot up and *cracked* into the man’s jaw. He spun and crumpled.

Another thug grabbed at Ramona’s wrist. She responded with a straight blast, short, rapid-fire strikes that hammered his chest, throat, face. The last hit sent him sprawling backward into a booth. She turned to advance again, but two more came at her.

The gang members weren’t fighting like people who felt pain anymore. They were grinning like men who had nothing left to lose.

Ramona bared her teeth. “Fine. Come get it.”

Nico slammed his elbow into the chin of the first thug foolish enough to charge him, thinking that they now somehow had an advantage, followed by a sharp knee to the gut. The man doubled over, and Nico went to grapple him, but the motion was awkward. Nico’s torso twisted late, and his balance wavered just enough to feel *wrong*. He frowned.

Damp with sweat and just slightly tighter than he remembered, Nico’s shirt clung to his body strangely. The collar rubbed higher against his throat. His belt felt tighter around his waist, *pinched*, like someone had cinched it a notch while he wasn’t looking.

The thug lunged again. Nico dipped under the swing and countered with a quick leg sweep. His jeans *strained*.

Nico's thighs were thicker, brushing together mid-move, slowing his spin just enough to make him stumble. The impact sent the thug crashing to the ground, but Nico grunted as he caught himself. His legs had changed, not just thicker, *shapelier*. Muscular, yes, but with a smoothness, a softness to the outer curves that felt *wrong*, yet *shockingly good*. He looked down and cursed under his breath.

Everything felt *odd*. It wasn't dramatic, not at first, but Nico felt the *pulling*, the *tightening*, the way the floor suddenly felt closer, as his body was receding and expanding at the same time. His height dropped, causing each step to drag as the world tilted around a shifting center of mass. His boots, once snug, now rubbed awkwardly against his smaller feet, while the sleeves of his jacket stretched past his hands, jeans bunching up at his feet, forcing him to constantly roll them back.

Ramona's attention flicked over to Nico, still concerned, as she dodged blundering fist after foot from the thug in front of her. She could already see some of the strange effects whatever he was injected with was having on him. He was looking less like the man that she loved by the minute.

Nico's quads bulged outward in a new way, more rounded, more pronounced. His hips flared, gently at first, but enough to further warp his center of gravity. The waistband of his jeans dug into his sides where they hadn't before, the fabric now pulled tight across an increasingly curved rear.

Moving to take a stance, Nico's own body threw him off-balance. His ass *jiggled* slightly as he adjusted, like a weight swinging behind him, heavier, fuller. He was becoming shapely, not just altered, but *feminine*.

Each shift of Nico's torso now had a subtle sway. Even the musculature of his chest was softening, as he struggled to keep his breathing under control. He was losing muscle mass all around, replaced by supple squishiness. His flanks narrowed with a smooth grace that felt entirely unfamiliar, his silhouette curving even as he pivoted for another block.

Nico's body was betraying him in the most sensual, disorienting way possible. He gritted his teeth, growling, "Not now... come on, *not now*..." The pressure was building, internal, intimate. Every strike he made dragged him deeper into the shift, his fighting style and his *form* now at war. The subtle curve of a woman's shape started to replace the fighter's frame he had trained for years to achieve.

Another thug barreled toward Nico, the brute from before, fists clenched, teeth bared. Nico braced himself. His legs still ached from the last exchange, his jeans stretched tight over curves, but he was adapting, *barely*.

A sudden *tingle* spread across Nico's scalp, like static electricity buzzing beneath his skin. The sensation crawled up the back of his neck and into his crown. His vision was blurred, breath frantic. He reached up briefly, disoriented, just as the brute was nearly upon him.

Nico clenched his jaw and shoved forward, catching the thug off balance. He threw a hook, right to the temple, and connected, but the brute didn't go down. Nico's heart raced. Something was happening to his face.

Tugging beneath the skin, Nico could *feel* the subtle, slow, *seductive* pull. His jaw tingled first, the angles softening as if being sculpted in real time. The blunt lines of his chin narrowed, drawing inward with every breath. His cheeks lifted, reshaping into elegant curves while the bones beneath reformed and refined.

A *tightness* formed around Nico's lips, a plush pressure, and then a sudden release. His mouth tingled, then swelled. His lips were *filling*. Pillow softness bloomed where his old smirk used to be, reshaping into a full, pouty mouth that parted in a shocked gasp as the brute charged again. Nico dodged, just in time, but his new lips brushed his teeth in a strange, *lush* way, his tongue now cradled in a mouth that felt *too salacious*, as a sudden wave of heat washed over him.

"*Haaahhh...*" Nico gasped, mid-move, and froze. His voice. It wasn't *his* anymore.

No longer low, resonant, it rose from Nico's throat in a soft, breathy *alto*, dripping with something sultry and uncontrolled. The word, his sounds, came out like it passed through a siren's lips, not a streetfighter's.

"*Hnnngh... get off me!*" Nico cried out as the brute tried to grab his wrist, only to get a fistful of jacket instead. Even *angry*, his voice sounded sexy.

The thug hesitated, just for a moment. It was more than enough to capitalize on. Nico planted his foot and twisted out of his jacket, driving a knee into the brute's stomach, moving with a grace that was more agile, mesmerizing, rather than a bruiser. The man crumpled with a grunt.

Nico fell to one knee, catching his breath, and *felt* it, a sudden *lengthening*, a swish of pressure across his scalp. His hair was growing, strands darkened as they spilled past his ears, longer and silkier with every second. Sweat clung to the locks as they cascaded down his neck and over his shoulders, framing his reshaped face in wild, alluring waves. He grasped at his hair, brushing some of it aside, fingers trembling.

Back on his feet, Nico saw his reflection in the backbar mirror and inhaled sharply. Gone was the angular, scruffy man he knew. Staring back was a gorgeous, flushed woman, wild-haired, with parted lips and wide brown eyes full of heat and panic. Her cheekbones were high, her jaw soft, her brows expressive. Lashes that looked impossibly long, as her hair stuck to her glistening skin like strands of wet ink.

As Ramona drove her fist into the solar plexus of a thug, folding him like an old wallet, gasping for air, she caught a flash of movement across the pub. Nico was mid-fight, spinning low to sweep a man off his feet, but it wasn't *his* face she saw.

Ramona froze for half a second, breath hitched. The womanly figure vaguely resembled Nico, only far more feminine, especially in the face. Even at this crossroads of effeminate allure and what was left of his masculinity, her thoughts buzzed. No matter how Nico looked, she found him gorgeous, only now, there was *more* of him.

Nico panted, chest heavy, his hair sticking to his flushed cheeks. Every breath came quicker now, not from exhaustion, but from the storm boiling inside of him. His thighs trembled, hips ached. The changes weren't slowing, they were *accelerating*.

The pressure started in Nico's pecs, an outward *pull*, a blossoming warmth that gathered behind his nipples and *pushed*. His grey tank top flexed tighter across his chest, nipples pressed hard into the damp fabric. The sensation sent his hands to clutch the burgeoning mounds, the flesh rapidly swelling beneath his fingertips, splaying them apart. Breasts that were soft, firm, and real, rounding out from his chest in sync with his heartbeat.

Nico's modest bosom bounced slightly, top rising just enough to expose his soft midriff. The fabric clung like it was one size too small, compressing the growing weight that strained against it.

"Ahhh... fffuuuuck..." Nico moaned, as a thug took a swing at him.

Nico blocked, countered, but *felt* the way his breasts bounced and dragged now. They were slightly smaller than Ramona's, but still heavy enough to shift his stance, alter his timing. He could feel the sweat beneath them. Feel the weight, the *sensitivity*. A blush colored Nico's cheeks as his nipples brushed against his shirt again, hard, throbbing, hungry.

As Nico spun for a roundhouse, his jeans pinched again, this time acutely. He stumbled mid-kick, the plush *bounce* of his backside hindering his motion. The seat of his jeans rode uncomfortably high, as his rear rose like fresh dough, flesh rounding into a ripe, womanly curve. His boxer briefs were trapped now, wedged *deep* between his cheeks, stretched between two thick, jiggling globes of ass that refuse to be contained.

Nico twisted, landed a backfist, and *felt* the aftermath as his butt *shook*, jostled, rebounded with the motion. His silhouette was all curves now. The last shred of masculinity left dangling between his legs.

Staggering back, Nico's curvy body trembled from head to toe. His muscles still buzzed with adrenaline, but the *real* battle was happening inside his body. He pressed his thighs together reflexively and gasped, the friction alone was overwhelming. Heat pooled in his lower belly, low and *wet*, curling up his spine like a match catching silk.

Nico experienced a dull pressure at his groin, pulsing like it didn't know what it wanted to be. Following the rhythm of his heart, it shrank smaller, turned softer. The tight bulge between his legs was receding fast.

Hips spasming, Nico grinded inward with a squirming clench. Nico cried out, stumbling into a booth for support as a powerful prickle spread between his legs. The sensation was *deep*, not just surface-level. It was like his entire pelvic floor was folding in on itself, his organs shifting, rearranging with intimate, liquid intent.

"Mmmmm... Haaaahhhh..." Nico moaned, caught in a moment of intense heat that felt both familiar and foreign.

Nico grabbed the edge of the table, bent halfway over, his thick ass lifting behind him as his body shook. His cock throbbed a couple of times before the pressure burst outward in a silent, sensual collapse. His shaft sank in with a final *prickling* twist, pulled into the folds of his own core. Flesh softened, split, and *opened*. Her mouth fell open in a long, shuddering moan into womanhood.

The empty sack of Nico's balls clenched once, and then were *gone*. They were drawn up, dissolved, and *remade*. The skin reshaped and parted, leaving behind two soft outer lips, flushed and slick with arousal. Her former shaft was now her clit, resting at the crest, small, swollen, and unbearably sensitive. The fresh, wet entrance of her pussy throbbed as her body flexed around it instinctively, unfamiliar muscles clenching like it was already aching to be touched.

Every breath felt *filthy* now, Nico's thighs slick, boxer briefs soaked, denim plastered to her new folds like a lover's tongue. A rush of warmth rushed out from her core, coating her inner thighs with a trickle of arousal that sent shivers across her skin. She could *feel* her own heartbeat *inside* her pussy.

Nico whimpered, in equal parts awe and disbelief, and reached down, shaky fingers brushing over her soaked slit. The sensation of her fingertips sliding over her folds rolled up her back like unseen fingertips. Her knees buckled, as her whole body *quaked*.

"Mmmmmhyyy... yeeeeessss..." Nico cooed. Her voice was a breathy, alluring alto, husky with lust and confusion, barely able to contain the tremor of her pleasure. She wasn't just changed, she was *turned on*. Desperately, *shamelessly* aroused.

Ramona smashed her knee into a thug's chest, driving him back into the bar with a sickening *thud*. He dropped like a bag of bricks. Another lunged from her blind side, but she turned on her heel, smoothly, letting his momentum carry him off his footing before driving an elbow into the base of his skull. He crumpled. She didn't wait.

Sprinting toward Nico, her breath was short, boots skidding on splintered floorboards, broken glass crunching underfoot. As she reached the center of the bar, her eyes locked on the voluptuous figure staggering among overturned tables, breasts swinging, legs wobbling. It took her a second to fully register what she was looking at. "...Nico?"

Nico looked up, wild-eyed, cheeks crimson red, strands of sweat-drenched brown hair clinging to her cheeks. The resemblance was unmistakable. The eyes, the fire in them. The stance, shaky now, but still *his*. She nodded weakly. "Y-yeah... It's me."

Ramona stopped short, blinking. Her gaze traced the new curves. Wide hips, thick, trembling thighs, and the soaked outline of her jeans hugging her mound that was something typically stiffer just moments ago. Her eyes rose again, trying to keep it together.

"Are you okay? How are you feeling?" Ramona asked carefully.

Nico staggered, swaying slightly, her thighs pressing together without thought. "Like I'm gonna melt through the floor if I don't... *god*... do *something* about this heat..." She shivered, a moan stuck in her throat. "I've never felt this horny in my entire life..." Her legs buckled, and she pitched forward.

In an instant, Ramona stepped in, catching Nico in a strong embrace. One arm hooked around Nico's back, the other accidentally planted square on one of her breasts. It was full, soft, warm, and *responsive*. It yielded beneath her palm like ripe fruit.

Nico shuddered. "*Nnnngh... Aaaahh!*"

"Shit... sorry!" Ramona apologized, eyes wide.

Nico's face blushed even deeper, her lip trembling. "It's okay, it's just... *f-fuck*, they're *sensitive*..."

Adjusting her grip, Ramona pulled Nico closer, gently lowering her to one knee behind the booth for cover. The pub was still littered with broken bodies, giving the pair at least the briefest of moments to recover and take in the full weight of the situation at hand. She stayed crouched with her now girlfriend, shielding her with her body.

The sound of shuffling footsteps broke up the momentary peace. Through groaning breaths, the thugs, bloodied, battered, were dragging themselves up again, like puppets yanked upright by invisible strings. Eyes glassy. Faces twisted into ugly grins.

At their center, standing with one hand pressed to his bruised cheek, was Bruno. The bastard was grinning through a bloodied lip.

Ramona's eyes narrowed. "What the *hell* did you do?"

Bruno cracked his neck and spoke, his voice hoarse but smug. "A little insurance policy."

Ramona's fists clenched.

Continuing, Bruno stepped over the unconscious bodies of some of his own men like they were trash. "It was a gift from a generous new partner. The boss is doing business with some pretty heavy hitters, the 'legit' kind. *This* was their way of showing the boss what they brought to the table, by finally getting rid of *you*."

Bruno's gaze slid over to Nico's changed body like grease. "A little cocktail that turns even the toughest asshole into something softer, sweeter." He tilted his head, grin widening. "A woman who doesn't want to *fight* anymore. Just wants to *fuck*."

Nico stiffened in Ramona's arms, trembling with shame and arousal. Her thighs squeezed together again, betraying her. Her nipples were hard against her shredded top. Her honeypot *begged* to be touched, filled.

Ramona's jaw tensed. She looked down at Nico. The former man was desperate for release.

Gritting her teeth, Nico *refused* to fold. Not like this. Not with Ramona still standing, alone, or while Bruno could still breathe without assistance.

Nico clawed at the floor, pushing herself upright, her heavy breasts bouncing as she tried to steady herself into stance. She swallowed the dizzying pulse of desire, blinked away the haze, and focused on the rhythm of her body. She could adapt, breathe, adjust.

Ramona rose with Nico, at her side, turning to face Bruno and the few thugs that could barely remain up on two feet. "Ready?"

"Hell yeah," Nico growled, wiping sweat from her brow. Her new voice was sultry, rich, every syllable rolled like silk soaked in smoke. She smirked and prepared for a fight, shoulder to shoulder with Ramona.

The thugs charged, but didn't last long. Ramona flowed like water, intercepting a punch with a high block and returned one of her own, straight to the nose. Nico ducked low, caught a thug's legs, and *flipped* him with her hips, her new ass grinding against the momentum, but she *used it*, letting the extra bounce power her motion.

Nico and Ramona moved together like a symphony of violence. A spin from Ramona opened a path and Nico flowed into it. Her strikes didn't carry the same kind of impact, but her new body made her faster, more agile, making her strikes more precise in the process. A jab from Nico forced a thug to duck, only to put him right in the path of Ramona's rising knee. Each motion was synchronized, efficient, beautiful, like poetry.

Eventually, the dust settled. *This time*, they showed no sign of getting back up, at least not for a *long* while. Only Bruno was left.

Despite his bruises, blood dripping down from the corner of his mouth, Bruno stood tall. He spat on the floor and circled slowly, eyes locked on Ramona and Nico. “You just don’t know when to quit, do ya?”

Nico stepped forward, cocking her hip and cracking her knuckles. “You going to monologue again, or can we get to the part where you’re knocked the fuck out?”

Bruno snarled and charged. The three collided in a flurry of fists and feet. Ramona and Nico fought like they were a single person, each knowing where the other would be. It wasn’t the first time they fought together, but it never felt this in tune. Ramona ducked under a wild swing, legs sweeping low, while Nico struck high, an elbow to the jaw.

Bruno reeled. Nico and Ramona advanced. Nico’s new body burned with heat, but she embraced it now, every bounce of her bosom, every sway of her hips part of her *flow*. She let her curves work with her momentum, rolling into hits, twisting with torque nobody could’ve predicted.

The dual assault was relentless, leaving Bruno grunting in pain as Nico hammered his side, Ramona jabbing his ribs. His anger reached a boiling point. He *snapped*. With a roar, he threw his weight behind a wild grab, snatching Nico mid-kick, and yanked her off her feet, only to slam a pulverizing fist into her stomach that launched her backwards. She slammed into the ground, skidding on her side with a cry.

“NICO!” Ramona screamed.

Before she could move, Bruno rushed Ramona, grabbing her from behind, one arm locking around her throat, the other lifting something silver into view. Another syringe.

Nico turned just in time to see Ramona pinned, the needle hovering over her neck.

Bruno’s voice was low, *deadly* serious. “One dose should’ve been enough. You should have been *begging* for this dick, but of course you’re too stubborn to submit so easily...” He pressed the needle closer to Ramona’s skin. “So here’s the deal...”

The tide had turned in Bruno’s favor. His stare burned a hole through Nico, grin returning. “You can take a second shot... or I give it to *her*.”

Ramona froze, teeth clenched, eyes burning. She didn’t speak. She trusted Nico.

Nico's heart pounded, her body screaming with tension and heat. Her legs were weak, but her will was iron. She stared the bastard down. The choice was obvious, but her mind raced to find another way.

Syringe poised at Ramona's throat, Bruno's grip remained tight around her, his smug grin bleeding arrogance. His eyes, bloodshot and swollen from the fight, flicked between them. "What's it gonna be sweetheart?" he taunted. "Ready to be my bitch?"

Nico's fists trembled at her sides. "I'm coming," she said through clenched teeth.

Ramona's eyes widened. "*No!* Don't do it!"

Nico met Ramona's stare, strong, unwavering. "I'm not letting him touch you." She stepped forward, one foot after another. The heat was slowly seeping through her resistance, but she kept walking.

As soon as Nico was within arm's reach, Bruno moved, quick, like a striking snake, but made one mistake. He forgot that Ramona was no damsel in distress.

"*HHHRRAAAHH!*" Ramona stomped Bruno's foot with incredible force, heel crushing his instep with a sickening *crunch*. He yelled, body jerking forward from the pain. Ramona *snapped* her head back.

CRACK!

Ramona's skull slammed into Bruno's nose with brutal precision. Cartilage shattered. Blood gushed from his nostrils. He reeled, loosened his grip, but only for a second.

With a snarl of desperation and pain, he swung wide, arm lashing out to jab Ramona with the syringe. His grip tightened again, yanking her back against him.

Ramona squirmed, trying to knock it away, but she wasn't fast enough. *Nico was.*

Throwing herself between Ramona and Bruno, Nico's body slammed into his, soft breasts compressing against Ramona's back as she wedged herself in the narrow gap.

"*NO!*" Ramona cried out.

THMP.

The needle found flesh. It sank deep into Nico's side, just above her hip. Bruno's thumb *slammed* the plunger down. The second dose hit her bloodstream in an instant.

Nico screamed, not in pain, but in *overload*. Her knees buckled as the chemical fire spread like lightning through every inch of her body. Her spine arched, her pussy *clenched*, and stars burst behind her eyes. She collapsed to her knees in front of them, gasping, twitching, the arousal magnified into molten madness.

Bruno blinked, momentarily stunned.

Enraged, Ramona tried to kick Bruno in the ribs, but he caught her leg, turned his body, and shoved her with his free hand, sending her flying into the bar. She hit the corner with a nauseating *crack*.

“*RAMONA!*” Nico roared, eyes wide.

Ramona crumpled, motionless but still breathing.

Nico trembled against the hardwood, the second dose burning through her veins, pussy dripping, muscles spasming as her entire body sang with overwhelming heat. She crawled across the pub floor, each breath catching in her throat like steam through a pipe. Her hands slipped on broken glass and spilled beer, knees dragging over cracked wooden tiles slick with sweat and blood.

Ballooning with each writhing breath, Nico’s breasts swelled as she moved, bigger, heavier, obscenely round. They strained against the last tatters of her top, nipples stiff and swollen, nearly brushing the floor. Her ass billowed with every rock of her hips, flesh rippling and tearing through the seat of her pants. The waistband snapped. Her boxer briefs wedged deep into the cleft of her thick, jiggling ass, now fully exposed and bouncing with each desperate crawl.

Nico’s lips, already plush, grew fuller still, kiss-swollen and pouting, glistening with sweat. She couldn’t stop moaning. Couldn’t stop *feeling*.

“*Aaaahhhh... Mmmmmmh.. Nnnnnnggghhh...*” Nico sounded wrecked. The second dose was ruining her in the *best* way.

Behind Nico, boots clicked slowly against the floorboards, measured, confident. Bruno followed like a hunter tracking their target.

“Look at *you...*” Bruno breathed, voice thick with triumph. “Crawling, moaning, soaking wet. Looks like that second dose really did the trick.”

Nico didn’t look back, trying to break free of her hungry haze, and *failing*. Her hips swayed a little more. She moaned louder. Her core ached, begging her to turn around and take Bruno’s length until she couldn’t walk straight.

Bruno unbuckled his belt with a clink. "I'm gonna enjoy pounding that pussy, sweetheart. Going to have you screaming my name..."

As much as Nico hated to admit it, Bruno's offer drove her wild. She stopped crawling. Slowly, teasingly, she turned, arching her back, heavy tits swinging forward, eyes half-lidded with heat. Her lips parted in a lewd, breathy smile.

Still on her knees, Nico stared up at Bruno with wide, hungry eyes. She licked her lips. "Please..." she purred. "Whip it out. I want it... in my mouth... in my pussy... *anywhere* you want it..."

Nico cupped her breasts and jiggled them, whimpering softly, pressing them together like an offering. Her entire body oozed submission, desire, desperation. Her thighs were spread wide, her soaked slit barely hidden by what was left of her ruined underwear. She stuck her tongue out, ready to receive him.

Laughter echoed throughout the pub. Bruno couldn't help himself. "There we go. Knew you were a good little whore under all that fight." He looked down at Nico and reached for his zipper, a ravenous look in his eyes.

CRACK!

Nico's fist exploded upward in a devastating uppercut, straight between Bruno's legs and up under his chin. His eyes went wide, then blank. Time froze. Then *WHAM* he collapsed like a fallen tree, unconscious before he even hit the ground, his belt still half-undone.

It was a brilliant ruse, a trap Nico had laid knowing Bruno would eagerly fall into, and the man did. Though a deep, burning, insistent desire for release truly surged through Nico's body, her will held true, ultimately rebuffing the bastard's clumsy attempt at courtship.

Nico stood slowly over Bruno, breathing hard, chest rising and lowering in swift repetition. She was still flushed, still trembling, but back in control, more or less.

The pub was quiet now, eerily so. Just the buzz of broken lights, the soft hum of the jukebox still idling at the end of its playlist, and the labored breath of a woman fighting to keep herself from turning into a moaning mess.

Nico shambled forward, her heart still pounding, her thighs quivering with every step. The second dose still burned inside her, her body a furnace of need. Every sway of her hips, every bounce of her heavy, sweat-slick breasts reminded her of what she had become. Her skin tingled, pussy sopping wet and pulsing, her clit *beating* with unsatisfied tension. None of it mattered more than the sight of Ramona, crumpled on the floor.

“Ramona...” she mouthed, falling to her knees beside her. She touched her girlfriend gently, shaking, afraid. Her arms slide beneath her lover’s back, pulling Ramona up into her embrace. Nico’s breasts squeezed against Ramona’s shoulder as she held her, lips quavering, heart ready to shatter.

“Come on... don’t you dare...” Nico whispered, voice dripping with emotion.

Ramona *stirred*. She groaned, head lolling before her eyes fluttered open, confused. “...Nico?”

Nico laughed, a shaky sound, tears welling in her dark eyes. “Yeah. Yeah, it’s me.”

Ramona blinked again, staring up at the woman cradling her. Her eyes swept over Nico’s beautiful face, her swollen lips, reddish cheeks, and that wild, brown hair clinging to her skin. Ramona’s eyes traveled lower. The *massive* breasts pressed against her, nearly the size of her head. The soft curve of her waist. The wet heat radiating off her thick thighs.

Nico pressed her forehead to Ramona’s, closing her eyes. Their sweat mingled, breathing synced. “I’m okay,” Nico said softly. “I think...” She shuddered. “Just... I feel like I’m gonna come at any second...”

Ramona’s lips curled, despite the throb in her skull. Her voice came out dry, raspy, but warm. “Well, we never went on that date...”

Nico’s breath was trapped in her lungs. She looked at Ramona, heart thudding for a *new* reason now, one just as powerful, if not more, than lust. It was relief, love. A promise that she hadn’t lost her partner, even after all this.

Gently, Nico helped Ramona to her feet, both of them leaning on each other, battered and bruised. Nico’s steps were still awkward, her thighs still slick with her essence, her nipples sensitive against every shift of remaining cloth. Ramona moved with a slight limp, one eye swelling subtly, but her grin never faded.

Nico and Ramona looked around the bar, broken tables, shattered glass, unconscious thugs. At the center, Bruno lay motionless, but still among the living. Nico’s arm slipped around Ramona’s waist. Ramona’s slid around Nico’s hip, fingers brushing her soft, bare skin.

Together, Nico and Ramona hobbled toward the door. A quiet night of streaming, soaking wounds, and Chinese takeout was in their near future, with the hint of something else, if exhaustion and pain didn’t put them to bed first. Once again, the streets remained safe, but its defender walked away a little different, new, but no less eager to fight for what’s right.